we were broiled alive for 6 days - almost too hot to open one's eyes - how it cold.

(a 54)

Postmark 13.6.39

Concarneau.

Tuesday

No letter from you. In spite of the fact that you're living in the lap of luxurine & I've only been meandering from town to town. We spent 5 days at Vannes, also saw les Rochers, & came on here yesterday. Vannes is a most sympathetic dignified town, with a quay, blue ships, old walls, old women marching about in black velvet robes with white caps, & in short all that one needs. I won't say that L- is satisfied with the cooking: sometimes we've struck very bad inns. The country isn't exciting, but there are lovely low sandbanks & troops of pines - grey farms - also dense transparent green corn standing against the sea. The sea is mostly long lakes. And Avenay is a lovely town. How I love

reflections in water - fishing boats dripping blue,
the green so green it seems to make every other
colour either black or purple - is this an
illusion? We discussed Molly's character
walking by a river & the cuckoos, were
scathing - I can't get my words in hotch-
ch'ed round. Yes, I think South can
compare for amenity & peace & composition
with France. I rather suspect your brother
broches have spoilt the north. They'll be
seen as the first comers. And the English
have begun for the first time here. I wrote
to Molly. Have you heard from? I see
France. Ireland is dead - Wasn't Hester Ritchie in
love with him? I think we've got 37
M-Sq^re: but haven't let 52 so please
do you hope & see that he ruined. Yes
Rochers we saw in a livid broiling light, but
I was startly moved - an old farm-Chateau
made of silver coat cake. And a shabby
distinguished garden, all symmetrical. No,
to my mind, very good churches, but the
Common buildings are so aristocratic. And the
Colour everywhere so harmonious - ah Grey -
priceless whilst. Can't form my letter, poor
Dolphin. won't be able to read. Home, Redmell on
Tuesday. I see Simon has a show. Are you
engulfed in Wrecks? Are you painting from
models? Now we explore & Quantock.
Love to adorable Duncan &
my fiendish niece V3

HAMILL 12/29/69

(a 55)

postmark
19.6.39.

Bayeux. Sunday
June?

I got your letter much to my happiness
but it not much use trying to write
Save out of devotion (unacquitted)
because I'm sitting in a courtyard at an
Inn table, with the Feast of St John
going on — Chantez Gipsies dancing,
old men in black velvet suits with
silver buttons, divine youths in
mediaeval doublets. Girls with
lace caps like the Eiffel tower dancing &
the usual merry-go-rounds. Magic
Celebrating midsummer night — the din
is infernal. And I'm half tipsy. We
have been in great luck this last
week, always striking the right Inn,
& the food though too shelly &

Sicky for my taste is so ~~so~~ succulent
that L. has had to succumb. The
Civilisation is artificial — Gregorian
polite. Virtuous. happy. non-political.
Bloomsbury about her — I mean no
logic-chopping. And I'm NYPL even favourably
impressed by the Roman Catholics — they
strew the streets with branches & flowers,
& we saw an archbishop — a man all
clad in white samite under a
pedangum of gold & man —
blessing a fishing boat & long
white rows today against a
lead blue sea. It certainly a
great advantage to have a region
for dressing up. But its so
dark I cant see. What a
bore to come back to England,
& part that I shall be happier

with you than here. Also Inns are
Offensive after 2 weeks. Now they are
lighting a Great Branch of Japanese
Lanterns & we must take about
the Streets. I've no news,
save that the Sidney Webbs want
to see us, & Edgar Sackville. &
Philip Morrell wants me to
subscribe to a home for fallen
women, to be called the Lady
Ottoline Home; & ~~to~~ in which her
Portrait, whether as Example or
warning, is to be hung
perpetually. We start to
Rodmell on Monday & shall

Come up on Friday I expect.
We've got 37 M.S. I suppose
rather rashly

NYPL

Dear me, this is a dull
letter. Please believe that
I'm more amusing with
Sleh. & give my
love to — here's the
first occasion so I must
follow.

Pow dear typing B
sends love.

HAMILL 12/29/69

(a 58)

postmark
31 Jan 40 · ·
Lewes

Wednesday.

I've rung up, & but find your telephone is broken.
This is only to say we had to give up going
to London, & hope somehow to meet. God
knows how. Our worst day was
Monday when the electricity failed &
we had to cook on the fire. Yesterday only
a hunk of bread remained, but providentially a
leg of mutton arrived. I daresay you're worse off —
Ring up when you can. How did Duncan
manage?
V. We've got Ø's starter.

a 51

Mrs Clive Bell

Charleston

Firle

Lewes.

Sussex

(a. 54)

1939

Aug/Sep ?

Saturday.

A brother of L's is coming to ta
tomorrow. I tell you, in case you
should curse me if you came: but
I hope you will come. Especially
as the wife admires/pots & Chan
Covers & would be a possible
Client for D. So would
hope of a visit
from some, any
all.

B.

. a. 59

Mrs Clive Bell
Charleston
Firle
Lewes

a.59

postmark
Rodmell
5 Feb. 40

Sunday

I've just been looking at my
birthday present by daylight.
It's a lovely picture — what a
boat you are in colour — one a/these
days I must write about it.
And I do enjoy having a
picture of my dear Quentin
What a pleasure your boats are to me —
I long more & more for Julian,
whose birthday this today,
& can't help just saying so,
though I know you know it.
My own darling I do think of
you & him so much.

No answer —

B.